

NANCY WYNNE CHATS ABOUT A NUMBER OF SOCIAL MATTERS

Annual Market Day to Be Held at St. Francis Home for Convalescents Is Subject of Interest to Many. Comments and Remarks on Various Things

Among the new booths to be added this year to the annual fair held at Lansdowne for the benefit of the well-known Convalescent Home will be the grocery table, which Miss Florence Sibley will have under her care. The fair this year will be held Friday and Saturday, October 6 and 7.



MISS MARGARET LA RUE, Miss La Rue, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. La Rue, will be introduced into society by her parents this winter. No date has been set for the tea as yet

To return to Miss Sibley's grocery shop: there is always something about an up-to-date grocery shop that appeals to every woman, and this promise to be altogether enticing, I'm told. The best brands of everything and the latest novelties that the expert grocer brings out each fall will not be wanting; no, indeed, nothing will be lacking to draw people over to the grocery corner.

Further down the row of booths, which are to be arranged alphabetically on the lawn of the home, will be placed a Red Cross table under the direction of fifty nurses, who will wear their uniforms. Everything necessary for first aid relief and hospital emergencies will be found here, and many a soldier in winter Europe will find comfort this winter in the Red Cross supplies sent to him by the zealous visitors of this table.

Another table, and this will be discovered near the entrance, will be the baby table, for do you know, Mr. Baby come right after A. In the correct order of the alphabet? Ah, oh, the things our babyland! It really will be worth our while to drop in our best and carry our market baskets over our arms both the Friday and Saturday morning of October's first week. Among the women on the board of the home who are working very hard for the Market Days' success are the president, Miss Julia V. Laguerre; first vice president, Mrs. J. M. Quennell; second vice president, Mrs. Murtha P. Quinn; secretary, Mrs. James A. Mundy, and treasurer, Mrs. John J. Coyle.

Others interested are Miss Grace Smith, the Misses Rivinus, the Misses Trasel, Mrs. Robert T. Bicknell, Miss Agnes Lewis, Miss Jean Lewis, Miss Frances Sullivan, Miss Letta Sullivan and a host of others.

Yesterday came the news that the first Assembly date will be January 5, the first Friday in January, as is the customary year of Assemblies, and the second will be on February 16. I hope the second won't be such a frost as last year's. Perhaps it was because last season was so late, but there certainly were very few of the compared with the first. Of course, it made the dancing time better, as there was plenty of room, and one does not usually expect good dancing at an Assembly just on account of the number of people of all ages who go.

Equally, of course, there will be the usual heartburnings and pulling of strings by those who are not eligible for the balls, but there will be a number among those who are coming out who will need no string pulling, for their position in Philadelphia may be said to be as good as the Assemblies themselves. Witness Dorothy Newbold, for instance. There has been a Newbold or some relative on the committee for many years. Then, of course, the Borie family will be represented by Patty, who, as I before remarked, will be the first bud of that good old family name since the days when her aunt, Emily Borie Beale, now of Boston, was introduced at the Borie home, then at Eleventh and Spruce streets. Emily Pepper Harris is another, and of course Betty Brock, whose mother was a Coleman and who is related to the Norrises, Montgomerys and various other Philadelphia families. Emily Welsh is still another. In fact, I could not begin to enumerate the debbies of this year's vintage who are eligible to the Assemblies, the ball of the year which establishes the social position of all in this City of Brotherly Love. Oh! I know it's snobbish, but then Philadelphia is snobbish, so what will you?

NANCY WYNNE

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Clara Ande Dolph, of Portland, Ore., for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Hazel Dolph, to Mr. Edward Clark, id. of this city, on Saturday, October 14, at 4:30 o'clock, at the First Baptist Church in Fortieth street. A reception will follow at the home of the bride, at 363 West Park street, at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Clark will entertain at dinner on Saturday evening at Manheim for a number of men who would have been his ushers if they had been able to leave business for Portland. His ushers are to be Portland men and he will entertain there for them before the wedding.

Some of the Philadelphians who will leave on October 26 for Portland, Ore., will be Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clark, Mr. Frank Clark, Mr. Clarence Sewell Clark, Mrs. Emily Richards, Mrs. Frederick Taylor and Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

An interesting engagement announced is that of Miss Elizabeth Wharton, daughter of Mrs. Boston Downs, to Mr. Charles Thomas Tamm, of New York.

SUFFRAGISTS REQUEST ADDRESS BY HUGHES

Ask Him to Speak in Philadelphia or Pittsburgh—Wilson Thanked

HARRISBURG, Sept. 25.—Suffragists in Pennsylvania have sent letters to the two presidential candidates relating to addresses. The letters were signed by Mrs. Mary L. T. Orady, president of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. The one written to Charles Evans Hughes asks that addresses be made before the suffragists in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh or that reservations be made at the meetings already scheduled where Mr. Hughes will speak in Pittsburgh September 27 and in Philadelphia October 9.

The letter to President Wilson was sent to Joseph F. Guffey, acting chairman of the Democratic State Committee, with the request that it be delivered by the President on "Pennsylvania Day," October 14, at Shadow Lawn. In the letter the women extend their thanks to the President for the stand he has taken on woman suffrage.

WIFE OF KILLED STRIKER FAILS TO GET COMPENSATION

Referee Holds Man Destroying Fence Was Not Aiding Employer

HARRISBURG, Sept. 25.—The first ruling by a referee of the State Compensation Board has been rendered in a case of a striking employe. The widow of John Vargo, who was shot by a deputy sheriff while destroying a fence at the Edison Thomson steel plant, Bradport, during the strike there last spring, applied for compensation. There was an employe of the Carnegie Steel Company, Thomas J. Kogan, who testified that he was not engaged in furthering his employer's interests when shot.

JEWISH NEW YEAR Celebration of Rosh Hashanah Begins Tomorrow—Day of Atonement to Be Marked October 7

Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, begins tomorrow at sunset. It begins a ten-days' holiday season, which will reach a climax on October 7, which is the Day of Atonement.

The Mishna, the Jewish law book, describes New Year's day as the time when all the inhabitants of the earth pass before God as sheep before a shepherd for judgment. The names of the righteous, the names of the Book of Life, are inscribed in the names of the righteous, the sinless; in the second, the Book of Death, are the names of the wicked, and in the third, the Book of Life, are the names of the "middle type" of men, in whose behalf judgment is suspended through the ten days of penitence until the Day of Atonement, when the decision is finally made and recorded.

HORSE SHOW BARS CHILDREN Will Not Be Admitted for First Two Days at Bryn Mawr Exhibition

When the Bryn Mawr Horse Show opens Thursday children will not be admitted the first two days, according to present plans, because infantile paralysis still exists, which will bar one of the most interesting features of the show, the presence of the hundred-million-dollar baby, Edward Beale McLean, Jr.

One of the features of the show will be a dinner Friday night at the Ladner Hunt Club. Society folk from Philadelphia and New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other cities will be there.

VILLANOVA BARN BURNED \$1500 Prize Bull Owned by College Missing

Villanova College men are regretting to-day the loss by fire of \$300 worth of millet, first crop ever raised on the college farm, and are hunting for a \$1500 prize Holstein-Friesian bull. The barn on the grounds of the college, on the Main Line, was burned to the ground last night. The prize bull was either burnt to death or escaped. It is believed the animal escaped and the countryside is being searched for him.

The loss of the barn and its contents, valued at \$20,000 by the Rev. M. G. Dohan, president of the college. Two horses and two cows were burned to death, and besides the crop of millet, \$300 worth of wheat, and a quantity of hay, a large quantity of the college's equipment, including a tractor, was destroyed. The fire was fought by fire companies from Bryn Mawr, Wayne, Ardmore, Conshohocken and Norristown. Bryn Mawr's "millionaire" company carried its auto pump, which threw 15,000 gallons of water on the flames. The origin of the fire is not known.

REALTY MEN FIGHT TAX JUMP Committee Named to Confer with the Mayor

Members of the Philadelphia Real Estate Board will oppose any attempt to increase the tax rate. This stand was taken yesterday at a special meeting of the board of directors and officers at the headquarters of the association, 1124 Walnut street. A committee headed by David E. Dallam was appointed to confer with Mayor McPherson to learn whether revenues by other means can be obtained.

A conference was held in the Mayor's office last Thursday, at which members of the board pointed out many other means by which, they said, revenues could be procured.

SECRET ORDER KEEPS SECRET Reporters Fail to Find Anti-Catholic Society's Convention

CLEVELAND, Sept. 24.—The biennial convention of the Great Secret Order, an anti-Catholic organization, was scheduled to meet here, but diligent search failed to disclose its meeting place. Charles D. Haines, said to be grand master, under the order, left the Hotel Statler yesterday without any official announcement of the meeting.

John Baird, said to be from Philadelphia, and supposedly "head of the women's activities" of the organization, admitted his connection with the order, but had no information to give out as to the location of the meeting. He said the hotel knew where the leaders had foregathered.

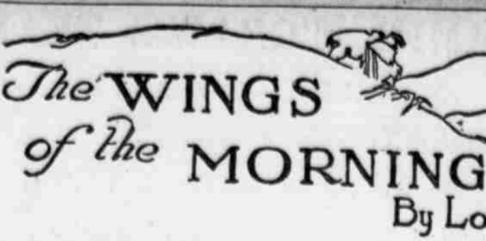
SCHOOLS NEED MONEY Doctor Schaeffer Tells Teachers State Treasury is Nearly Empty

YORK, Pa., Sept. 25.—"Never since I have been in public office has the State treasury been as empty as today," declared Doctor Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in addressing 800 teachers at the opening of the sixtieth annual county institute here.

He said that not a dollar of the State appropriation to the public schools for the fiscal year ending last July had been paid and that district school boards are facing a serious problem.

Baptists Open Conference Today The North Philadelphia Baptist Association Will Open its Fifty-Ninth Annual Conference This Morning in the Nicetown Baptist Church, Germantown Avenue and Brunner Street, and Evening Sessions Until Thursday

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THE WINGS OF THE MORNING By Louis Tracy

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued) "YOU may be mistaken. They must have some sense of fair dealing. Even assuming that such was their intention, they may depart from it. They have already lost a great many men. Their chief, having gained his main object, might not be able to persuade them to take further risks. I will make it a part of the bargain that they first supply you with plenty of water. Then you, unaided, could keep them at bay for many days. We lose nothing; we can gain a great deal by endeavoring to pacify them."

"Iris" he gasped, "what are you saying?" The unexpected sound of her name on his lips almost unnerved her. But no martyr yet went to the stake with more settled purpose than this pure woman, resolved to impute herself for the sake of the many she loved, to the same fate as her father, faced death in many shapes. Now it was her turn. Her eyes were lit with a pathetic fire, her sweet face resigned as that of an angel.

"I have thought it out," she murmured, gazing at him steadily, yet scarce seeing him. "It is worth trying as a last effort. We are abandoned by all, save the Lord; and it does not appear as if the Lord will help us on earth. We can struggle on here until we die. Is that right, when one of us may live?"

Her words had betrayed her. She would go away with the monstrous captors, endure them, even flatter them, until she and they were far removed from the present. And then—she would kill herself. In her innocence she imagined that self-destruction, under such circumstances, was a pardonable offense. She only gave a life to save a life, and greater love than this is not known to God or man.

The sailor, in a temper of wrath and wild emotion, had it in his mind to compel her to reason, to shake her as one shakes a wasp, or to smother her with his hands. He rose to his knees with this half-formed notion in his feverish brain. Then he looked at her, and a mist seemed to shut her out from his sight. Was she lost to him all of a sudden? He had gone before an idle dream of joy and grief, a vision's glimpse of mirrored happiness and vague peril? Was Iris, the crystal-souled— to be snatched away by some irresistible and malign influence?

In the mere physical effort to assure himself that she was still near to him he drew her up in his strong hands. To his surprise, she breathed, wondering, pale, pitiful. He folded her closely to his breast, yielding to the passionate longing of his heart, and in a moment she was his. "My darling, do you think I can survive your loss? You are life itself to me. If you were to die, sweet one, let us die together."

Then Iris flung her arms around his neck. "I am quite, quite happy now," she sobbed brokenly. "I didn't imagine—it would come—this way, but—I am thankful—it has come."

For a little while they yielded to the glamour of the divine knowledge that amid the chaos of things each soul had found its mate. There was no need for words. Love, tremendous in its power, unfathomable in its mystery, had cast its spell over them. They were garbed in light, throned in a palace built by fairy hands. On all sides squatted the ghoul of privation, misery, danger, even grim death; but they were heedless of the inferno; they had created a Paradise in an even hour.

Then Iris withdrew herself from the man's embrace. She was delightfully shy and timid now. "So you really do love me?" she whispered, crimson-faced, with shining eyes and parted lips. He drew her to him again and kissed her tenderly. For he had cast all doubt to the winds. No matter what the future had in store she was his, his only; it was not his duty to leave her, and he would not. He would give her the strength of Goliath, the confidence of the association, 1124 Walnut street. He was not yet born who should rend her from him.

He fondled her hair and gently rubbed her cheek with his strong fingers. The sudden sense of ownership of this fair woman was entrancing. It almost bewildered him in its intensity, and he was clinging to her in his nestling coil, clinging to her in the knowledge that he would never let her go. "But I knew, I knew," she murmured. "You betrayed yourself so many times. You said you'd tell me, and, though you did not tell me, I found your dear words on the sands and have treasured them next my heart."

"What girlish romance was this? He held her away gingerly, just so far that he could look into her eyes. "Oh, it is true, quite true," she cried, drawing the locket from her neck. "Don't you recognize your own handwriting, or were you not certain, just then, that you really did love me?"

"Dear, dear! How often would she repeat that wondrous phrase! Together they bent over the tiny slips of paper. There it was again—"I love you"—twice blazoned in magic symbols. With blushing eagerness she told him how, by mere accident, of course, she caught sight of his own name. It was not very wrong, was it, to pick up that tiny scrap, or those others, which she could not help seeing, and which unfolded their simple tale so truthfully? Wrong! It was so delightfully right that he must kiss her again to emphasize his convictions.

All this fondling and love-making had, of course, an air of grotesque absurdity because indulged in by two grimy and tattooed individuals crouching beneath a tarpaulin on a rocky ledge and surrounded by bloodthirsty savages intent on their destruction. Such incidents require the setting of a convention, the conservatory, with its wealth of flowers and plants, a window, a Chippendale drawing room. And yet, God wot, men and women have loved each other in this gray old world without stopping to consider the appropriateness of place and season.

After a delicious pause Iris began again—"Robert—I must call you Robert now—there, there, please let me get a word or two out—well then, Robert, dear, I do not care much what happens now. I suppose it was very wicked and foolish of me to speak as I did before—before you called me Iris. Now tell me at once. Why did you call me Iris?"

"You must propound that riddle to your godfather!" "No wriggling, please. Why did you do it?" "Because I could not help myself. It slid out unawares."

"How long have you thought of me only as Iris, your Iris?" "Ever since I first understood that somewhere in the wide world was a dear woman to love me and be loved. Iris was perhaps the first to recognize its quiet certainty."

"As I cannot get you to talk reasonably," she protested, "I must appeal to your sympathy. I am hungry, and so thirsty."

The girl had hardly eaten a morsel for her midday meal. Then she was despondent, utterly broken-hearted. Now she was filled with new hope. There was a fresh motive in existence. Whether destined to live an hour or half a century, she would never leave him, nor, of course, could he ever, ever leave her. Some things were quite impossible—for example, that they should part.

Jenks brought her a biscuit, a tin of meat, and that most doleful cup of champagne. "It is not exactly frappe," he said, handing her the insipid beverage, "but, under other conditions, it is a wine almost worthy to be drunk by a king."

She fancied she had never before noticed what a charming smile he had. "Toast! It is a peculiarly suitable word," she cried, "I am specially frizzling. In these warm clothes, I feel hot."

She stopped. For the first time since that prehistoric period when she was "Miss Jane" and he "Mr. Jenks" she remembered the manner of her garments. "It is not the warm clothing you feel so much as the want of air," explained the sailor readily. "This tarpaulin has made the matter very sticky, but we must put up with it until sundown. By the way, what is that?"

A light tap on the tarred canvas directed her to the very sticky, but we must put up with it until sundown. By the way, what is that? "Jenks had not allowed his attention to wander altogether from external events. Since the Dyaks' last escape there was no sign of them in the valley or on either beach. Not for trivial cause would they come again within range of the Lee-Metford."

"They waited and listened silently. Another tap sounded on the tarpaulin in a different place, and they both concurred in the belief that something had darted in curved flight over the ledge on top of their protruding shield. "Let us see what the game is," exclaimed the sailor. He crept to the back of the ledge and drew himself up until he could reach over the sheet. He returned, carrying in his hand a couple of tiny arrows.

"There are no less than seven of these things sticking in the canvas," he said. "They don't look very terrible. I suppose that is what my Indian friend meant by warning me against the trees on the right."

He did not tell Iris all the Mahomedan said. There was no need to alarm her carelessly. Even while they examined the curious little missiles another flew up from the valley and lodged on the roof of their shelter. The shaft of the arrow, made of some extremely hard wood, was about ten inches in length. Affixed to it was a pointed fishbone, sharp, but not barbed, and not fastened in a manner suggestive of much strength. The arrow was neither feathered nor grooved for a bowstring. Altogether it seemed to be a childish weapon to be used by the natives of the island.

Jenks could not understand the appearance of this toy. Evidently the Dyaks believed in its efficacy, or they would not keep pertinaciously dropping an arrow on the ledge. "How do they fire it?" asked Iris. "Do they throw it?" "It will soon tell you," he replied, reaching for the arrow. "Do not get up yet. Do not go out yet," she entreated him. "They cannot harm us by keeping quiet. They will not continue shooting things at us all day."

Again a tiny arrow traveled toward them in a graceful parabola. This one fell short, missing the tarpaulin. It almost dropped on the glittering outer edge of the ledge. She picked it up. The fish-bone point had snapped by contact with the floor of the ledge. She sought for and found the small tip, which she held in her hand. "It seems to have been dipped in something. It is unaccountable. Jenks frowned peculiarly. A startling exclamation had suggested itself to him. Fragments of forgotten lore were taking possession of his mind. "Put it down, quick!" he cried. Iris obeyed him, with wonder in her eyes. He spilled a teaspoonful of champagne in the small hollow of the rock and stepped one of the fish bones in the liquid. Within a few seconds the champagne assumed a greenish tinge and the bone became white. "That's the key," he cried.



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over his unwieldy suppliant and a bullet tore a large section from his skull. The sailor then advanced himself with breaking the bamboo by firing at them. He came back to the white-faced girl. "If fancy that further practice with blow-pipe will be a waste of time on Rainbow Island," he said cheerfully. "But Iris was anxious and distraught. "It is very sad," she said, "that we are obliged to secure our own safety by the ceaseless slaughter of human beings. Is there no offer we can make them, no promise of future gain, to tempt them to abandon hostilities?"

"None whatever. These Borneo Dyaks are bred from infancy to prey on their fellow creatures. To be strangers and defenseless in the country of their birth, at their hands, I think no more of shooting them than of smashing a clay pigeon. Killing a mad dog is perhaps a better simile."

"But Robert, dear, how long can we hold out?" "What! Are you growing tired of me already?" He hoped to divert her thoughts from this constantly recurring topic. Twice within the hour she had broached and dismissed it. But Iris would not permit him to skirt it again. She made no reply, simply regarding him with a wistful smile.

"So Jenks had drawn his bow and rehearsed the hopes and fears which perplexed him. He determined that there should be no further concealment between them. If they failed to secure a truce that night, if the Dyaks maintained a strict siege of the rock throughout the whole of next day, well—they might survive—it was problematical. Best leave matters in God's hands."

With feminine persistency she clung to the subject, detecting his unwillingness to discuss a possible final stage in their suffering. "Robert!" she whispered fearfully, "you will never let me fall into the power of the chief, will you?" "Not while I live."

"You must live. Don't you understand? I would go with them to save you. But I would have died—by my own hand. Robert, my love, you must do this thing before the end. I must be the first to die."

He hung his head in a paroxysm of silent despair. Her words rung like a tocsin of the bubbling romance conjured up by the avowal of their love. He seemed to him, at that instant, they had no separate existence as distinguished from the great stream of human life—the turbulent river of life, the bubbling life of the future. For a day, a year, a decade, two frail bubbles danced on the surface and raced joyously together in the current. But now they were broken—did it matter how, by savage sword or lingering ailment? They were absorbed again by the rushing waters—and other bubbles rose in a precarious trepidation. It was a fatal view of life, a dim and obscurantist groping after truth, induced by the overpowering nature of present difficulties. The famous Tennysonian Naisaphur blindly sought the unending purpose when he wrote:

"Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sat, But not the Master of the Universe; For not the Master of the Universe I was."

"Some little talk awhile of me and Thee, There was, and then I said, 'I am dead.' The sailor, too, wrestled with the great problem. He may be pardoned if his heart quailed, and he groaned aloud. "Iris," he said solemnly, "whatever happens, unless I am struck dead at your feet, I promise you that we shall pass the boundary hand in hand. Be mine the punishment if we have decided wrongly. And now," he cried, tossing his head in a defiant access of energy, "let us have done with the morgue. For my part I refuse to be a martyr, until the gates of heaven are opened, and I myself help myself. You must do as I tell you, I never knew of a case where the question of woman's rights was so promptly settled."

His vitality was infectious. Iris smiled again. Her sensitive highly strung nerves permitted these sharp alternations between despondency and hope. "You must remember," he went on, "that the Dyak score is twenty-one to the bad, while our loss stands at love. Dear me, that cannot be right. Love is surely not a loss."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

BAPTIST CONVENTION WILL ASSEMBLE HERE OCTOBER 16

Million Membership Plan Important Topic for Discussion

Baptists, both pastors and influential lay members, from all parts of Pennsylvania will assemble in this city, October 16, at the ninth anniversary of forming of the Pennsylvania Baptist General Convention. The convention will be held at the Chestnut Street Baptist Church. One of the most important subjects of discussion will be the five-year program, by which the Baptists plan to add a million to their membership in the next five years. This is a most ambitious educational and ministerial feat.

The discussion will include every phase of Baptist ministerial, Bible class and missionary work, both home and foreign. "You must remember," he went on, "that the Dyak score is twenty-one to the bad, while our